

Hip. Twas *Flavia*.

Emil. Yes

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* love;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seasond,
More buckled with strong Iudgement, and their needes
The one of th'other may be said to water

2. Hearses ready with Palamon and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. Theseus and his Lordes ready.

Their intertangled rootes of love, but I
And shee (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect
Rare issues by their operance; our soules
Did so to one another; what she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd
No more arraignment, the flowre that I would plucke
And put betweene my breasts, oh (then but beginning
To swell about the blossome) she would long
Till shee had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phoenix* like
They dide in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her patterne, her affections (pretty
Though happely, her careles, were, I followed
For my most serious decking, had mine eare
Stolne some new aire, or at adventure humd on
From misicall Coynadge; why it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourne (rather dwell on)
And sing it in her slumbers; This rehearfall
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in
Like old importments bastard, has this end,
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be
More then in sex individuall.

Hip. Yare out of breath
And this high speeded-pace, is but to say
That you shall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)
Love any that's call'd Man.

Emil. I am sure I shall not.

Hip. Now alacke weake Sister,
I must no more beleeeve thee in this point
(Though, in't I know thou dost beleeeve thy selfe.)

Then

Then I will trust a sickely appetite,
That loathes even as it longs, but sure my Sister
If I were ripe for your perswasion, you
Have saide enough to shake me from the Arme
Of the all noble *Theseus*, for whose fortunes,
I will now in, and kneele with great assurance,
That we, more then his *Pirithous*, possesse
The high throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not against your faith,
Yet I continew mine.

Exeunt.
Cornets.

Scena 4. A Battaille strooke within: Then a Retrait: Florish.
Then Enter *Theseus* (victor) the three Queenes meete
him, and fall on their faces before him.

1. Qu. To thee no starre be darke.
2. Qu. Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever.
3. Qu. All the good that may
Be wishd upon thy head, I cry Amen too't.
Thes. Th' imparciall Gods, who from the mounted hea-
View us their mortall Heard, behold who erre,
And in their time chastice: goe and finde out
The bones of your dead Lords, and honour them
With treble Ceremonie, rather then a gap
Should be in their deere rights, we would suppl' it.
But those we will depute, which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our hast does leave imperfect; So adiew
And heavens good eyes looke on you, what are those?

Exeunt Queenes.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judgd
By their appointment; Some of Thebes have told's
They are Sisters children, Nephewes to the King.

Thes. By'th Helme of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a paire of Lions, smeard with prey,
Make lanes in troopes agast. I fixt my note
Constantly on them; for they were a marke

Worth